

Pam A Story ---
Africa - Stories & Incidents 69

A
✓ STORY
IN
PICTURES

Africa is not
always sunny



A hard working
people



Raw heathen



The beginning of better
things—a village school



They can be changed

After a few years in a
Christian Boarding School



They learned how to
grow it

Why shouldn't they
eat it?



Why they were in
darkness

The Witch Doctor



They are coming into
the light
Christian preaching and
teaching are putting
the **Witch Doctor**
out of busi-
ness



The house of the
heathen



A house of God
in Africa



The Grebo Tribe, Liberia



A graduate—of the Grebo Tribe

She was brought to the United States when only three years of age, was educated in our schools, and in 1909 she graduated from the University of Southern California. In 1910 she received her Master of Arts degree from this University, and in 1912 returned to Africa to work among her people.



They are ambitious to learn
and willing to work

These boys walked seventy-
two miles to enter a Christian
school.



They are helping themselves

This worker in the mines at Penhalonga contributed five dollars gold to help pay for the building of the church. This gift was the result of many days of hard labor.



What are you doing
for Africa?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN AFRICAN VILLAGE

“**I** WISH you could have traveled with me through the Angola country to the south of the Congo, in the midst of paganism as dark as any to be found in Africa. For days and weeks you would have walked along native trails from village to village, seeing all the dirt and destitution, the superstition, the immorality, and the indescribably degraded condition of the population, until you forgot how the face of civilization appeared. You would have become saturated with heathenism; and then suddenly one day you emerge from the forest and from the hillside look down upon a beautiful Christian village.

“The contrast is almost overwhelming. Here you see streets laid out in squares and modern little houses built on a line, each with its garden and its wall, with fruit trees and shade trees and vegetables and flowers growing all about. Passing through one of the gates, you find the house well constructed of burnt or sun-dried brick, with doors and windows and rooms. You find the whole family gathered for a meal, father and mother and children, all being neatly clothed. You notice that the father asks God’s blessing upon the food, and you behold the ongoing of Christian family life very much like that in our own country so far as fundamentals are concerned. You see all the children going to the school in the morning, neatly clothed and

carrying their school books under their arms. You find these children being taught not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but useful domestic and industrial arts. You visit the farms which surround the village, and you find them being cultivated according to improved ideas, so that the Christians are raising five and six times as many bushels to the acre as their heathen neighbors. You find carpenter shops, blacksmith shops, and the whole paraphernalia of a civilized community.

“Over there is the missionary’s house, which of course is larger than the others, and stands as a social settlement and an object lesson for the whole country around. When Mrs. Missionary meets you at the door and takes you within and you find yourself in a comfortable and cultured American home in the heart of the African jungle; when you see our familiar pictures on the walls, our books, our papers, our magazines on the table; when you sit down to a good American meal, how can I describe the feelings which sweep through your frame? The tears spring to your eyes, you are overwhelmed. Who can possibly measure the meaning and significance of one cultured, devoted Christian family dwelling in the midst of these people?

“But perhaps your greatest thrill will come when you attend the village church. Some church or Sunday school in America has sent the village a bell, (O, wonderful treasure in the midst of pagan Africa!) and this bell they have hung in the crotch of a tree right in front of

their little meetinghouse. Just after sunset every day the bell rings vigorously, and all the people from all the houses resort to the house of God, their common home. The deacons occupy the front pew; the native pastor enters the pulpit, reads a passage from God's Word—which the missionaries have translated for them—and calls on several of the deacons to pray in turn; a hymn is announced, and you notice that nearly every man draws a hymn book from his pocket. Then all bow reverently and receive the words of peace. They break up into little knots for a few moments of social chatting and then return to their homes, and another day has closed in this Christian community.

“Twenty years ago there was nothing here but utter paganism and barbarism. To-day you see all the on-goings of life in a Christian community. I maintain there is no power in the world which could produce such a transformation of individual character and social status except the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In twenty years, under Christian instruction and help, these pagans have made the leap of twenty centuries of social evolution. When the missionaries arrived they were at the bottom level of society, the raw material of the human race. To-day they are living on a fairly decent level of Christian character and attainment. Have our scientists and socialists given sufficient credit to the wonder-working Gospel as a means of social transformation? I advise them all to take a trip to Africa before writing their final word on this subject.”

BY A TRAVELER.

What You Can Do

On the Parish Abroad Plan You Can

1. Support a missionary. Cost, \$700-\$1,200.
2. Provide a teacher and equipment for a native station. Cost, \$150.
3. Take a \$50 share in a native station.

We will keep you in touch with your work that you may know the good your gift is doing.

